A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

COLLECTION

OF

MISCELLANY POEMS

AGAINST

Popery & Slavery.

Roma diu titubans, multis erroribus acta
Corruit ; & mundi definit esse caput.

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A SUP-

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MISCELLANY POEMS.

A NEW

LITANY

FOR THE

Holy Time of *LENT.*

I.

FRom all the Women We have whor'd,
From being bound to keep Our Word,
From Civil Broils and Foreign Sword,
Libera nos Domine.

II.

From ſtore of Ships and want of Men,
From leaping into the Lyons Den,
From a *Dutch*-War, and *Burnet*'s Pen,
Libera nos, &c.

III.

From Bombs of *France*, and Bulls of *Rome*,
From being Hen-peck'd worſe at Home,
From *Dorcheſter*'s inſatiate Womb,
Libera nos, &c.

IV.

From Toleration and ſuch Nonſence,
From granting Liberty of Conſcience
To Hereticks, againſt their own Senſe,
Libera nos, &c.

V.

From hopes we ſhall Diſſenters bring
To Union with a Popiſh King,
And *P---n*, that manag'd the whole thing,
Libera nos, &c.

VI.

From ſtanding of our Slaves in dread,
From being by the Prieſthood led
From *Engliſh*-Limbs, to a *Roman*-Head,
Libera nos, &c.

VII.

From *Oxford*, faithful to his Truſt,
From being to Our Promiſe Juſt,
From *Mul----e*'s Pride to his Wife's Luſt,
Libera nos, &c.

VIII.

From *Somerset* and haughty *Lory*,
That would Eclipse our *Roman* Glory;
And make a Jest of *Purgatory*,
Libera nos, &c.

IX.

From Parliaments that dare oppose,
And lead their Soveraign by the Nose,
And from the Sanguinary Laws,
Libera nos, &c.

X.

From such as will not do their best
To take off Penal-Laws and Test:
From *Stamford*, *Grey*, and all the rest,
Libera nos Domine.

XI.

We humbly do beseech thee Lord,
That we may Govern by the Sword,
And *Berwick* know no other Word,
Quæsimus te audire nos Dom.

XII.

That it may please while we do Reign,
Whatever Neighbour Rules the Main,
To make us great in our Campaign,
Quæsimus te, &c.

XIII.

That it may be enough for theſe,
While others Towns and Caſtles ſeize,
To Storm 'em here in Effigies,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XIV.

That they may feaſt and make a Noiſe,
And with their Volleys rend the Skies,
Againſt a flock of Butter-flys,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XV.

That it may pleaſe thee to repair
Lord *P—is*, who is in deſpair,
And furniſh *England* with an Heir,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVI.

That it may be a Prince of *Wales*,
And if the Smock and *Dada* fails,
Adopt a Brat of *Neddy H—es*,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVII.

That it may prove its Fathers Hope,
Reſtore the Nuncio and the Pope,
And ſave Old *Petre* from the Rope,

Quæſimus te, &c.

XVIII. That

XVIII.

That we with Members may be bleſs'd,
In ſuch a Parliament poſſeſs'd
As ſhall Annul the Bloody Teſt,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XIX.

That we have time before we dye
To ſettle Church and Popery,
That Father *Condon* may not fly,
Quæſimus te, &c.

XX.

Grant we never croſs the Main,
To be a General for *Spain*,
And never ſee *Breda* again,
Quæſimus te, &c.

THE

MIRACLE:

How the Dutchess of *Modena* (being in Heaven) pray'd the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a Son, and how our Lady sent the Angel *Gabriel* with her Smock; upon which the Queen was with Child.

To the Tune of, *O Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd at Nurse.* *In* Bartholomew-Fair.

YOU Catholick States-men and Church-men (rejoyce,
And Praise Heavens Goodness with Heart and with (Voice;
None greater on Earth or in Heaven than she,
Some say she's as good as the best of the three.
Her Miracles bold,
Were Famous of Old,
But a braver than this is was never yet told;

'Tis

'Tis pity that every good Catholick living,
Had not heard on't before the laſt day of Thankſ-
(giving.

II.

In *Lombardy-Land*, great *Modena*'s Dutcheſs
Was ſnatch'd from her Empire by Death's cruel
(Clutches,
When to Heaven ſhe came (for thither ſhe went)
Each Angel receiv'd her with Joy and Content.
On her knees ſhe fell down,
Before the bright Throne,
And begg'd that Gods Mother would grant her
(one Boon;
Give *England* a Son (at this Critical Point)
To put little *Orange*'s Noſe out of Joynt.

III.

As ſoon as our Lady had heard her Petition,
To *Gabriel*, the Angel, ſhe ſtraight gave Com-
(miſſion;
She pluck'd off her Smock from her Shoulders
(Divine,
And charg'd him to haſten to *Englands* fair Queen.
Go to the Royal Dame,
To give her the ſame,
And bid her for ever to praiſe my Great Name;

For I, in her favour, will work such a Wonder,
Shall keep the most Insolent Heretioks under.

IV.

Tell *James* (my best Son) his part of the matter
Must be with this, Only to cover my Daughter;
Let him put it upon her with's own Royal Hand;
Then let him go Travel to visit the Land;
And the Spirit of Love,
Shall come from above,
Tho' not as before, in the form of a Dove;
Yet down he shall come in some likeness or other,
(Perhaps like Count *Dada*) and make her a Mother.

V.

The Message with hearts full of Faith were receiv'd,
And the next news we heard was Q. *M.* conceiv'd;
You great ones Converted, poor cheated Dissenters,
Grave Judges, Lords, Bishops, and Commons,
(Consenters.)
You Commissioners all,
Ecclesiastical,
From *Mul—ve* the Dutiful, to *Ch—er* the Tall;
Pray Heaven to strengthen Her Majesties Placket,
For if this Trick fail, beware of your Jacket.

THE

THE COUNCIL.

To the Tune of, *Jamaica.*

I.

TWO *Toms* and *Nat*,
In Council ſat,
To rigg out a Thankſgiving,
And make a Prayer,
For a thing in the Air,
That's neither Dead nor Living.

II.

The Dame of *Eſt*,
As 'tis Expreſs'd,
In her late quaint Epiſtle,
Did to our Lady,
Bequeath the Baby,
With Coral, Bells and Whiſtle.

III. With

III.

With this intent, she to her sent
Her Gold and Diamond Bodkin,
That to conceive,
She might have leave;
And is not this an odd thing?

IV.

Then a Pot of Ale,
To the Prince of *Wales*,
Tho' some are of Opinion,
That when 'tis come out,
A Double Clout
Will cover his Dominion.

THE

THE AUDIENCE.

THE Criticks that pretend to Senſe,
Do cavil at the Audience,
As if his Grace were not as good
To bow to, as a piece of Wood.
Did not our Fathers heretofore
Their ſenſleſs Deities adore?
Did not Old *Delphos* all along
Vent Oracles without a Tongue?
And wiſeſt Monarchs did importune,
From the dumb God to know their Fortune.
Did not the Speaking-Head of late
Of matters Learnedly Debate?
And rendred without Tongue or Ears
Wiſe anſwers to his whiſp'ring Peers?
And ſhall we to a living Prince
Deny the State of Audience?
What tho' the Bantling cannot ſpeak?
Yet like the Blockhead he may ſqueak;

Give

Give Audience by Interpreter;
The wiſeſt Prince can do no more.
Then enter with a Princes Banner
Sir *Charles*, after the uſual manner.
Great Sir, *His Holineſs from* Rome,
Greets your high Birth. The Prince cry'd Mum.
The Conſecrated Pilch and Clout,
If you'll vouchſafe to hear me out,
And many other Toys I'm come
To lay them to your Sacred Bum.
So young, yet ſuch a Godlike Ray!
Phœbus, your *Dad*, was Prieſt *D——a*,
Great Prince, I have no more to ſay.
Conducted next there comes, *Great Sir*,
An *Envoy* from the *Emperor*,
To gratulate your lucky fate,
That gives to *Englands* Throne new date;
We joy that any thing ſhould Reign,
To baffle *Orange* and the *Dane*.
The Youth, to ſee them thus beguil'd,
In token of his favour, ſmil'd.
But at the *Spaniard* laugh'd outright.
As ſhamm'd again in *Eighty Eight*.

Next,

Next, having paſs'd the inward Centry,
The doubtful *Monſieur* makes his entry.
The King, *my Maſter*, Sir, has ſent
Your *Royal Birth* to complement;
If you will make it but appear,
That you are *Englands* lawful Heir.
Here Lady *P—is* took him ſhort,
Have you a King? *Thank* Maz'rine *for't*.
Fr.man] *Whoe'r the Father was*, *the Mother*
Was *France's* Queen (*P—is*) Who *queſtions t'other*?
At this Reproof he pawn'd a Purſe,
And parting made his Peace with Nurſe.
The *Dane*, the *Suede*, with other Nations,
Come in with loud Congratulations.
Upon the *Suede* ſo fam'd for Battle,
He caſt a frown, and ſhook his Rattle.
And for the *Dane*, who took the part
Of good Prince *George*, he let a fart.
This put him in a ſullen fit,
Nurſe ſcarce could dance him out of it.
When an Embaſſador from *Poland*
Knock'd at the Door, and *Velt* from *Holland*,

He crying Suck'd, and Sucking cry'd,
When Lady Governeſs reply'd,
Peace, Prince, Peace, Prince, Peace, pretty Prince,
And let the *States* have Audience.
Dutch-man.] *From* Holland *I am hither ſent,*
To Challenge, not to Complement.
Prepare with ſpeed your Twenty Sail,
Your twice Four thouſand on the Nail;
Which by your Senate was enacted,
With Orange, *when your* Sire *contracted.*
The name of *Holland* did affright,
And make th'young Hero ſcream outright.
But, *Orange* nam'd, the Royal Elf,
The ſweet, ſweet Babe, beſhit himſelf.
Tyrconnel, who came o'r no leſs
Than to be made his Governeſs,
To take her leave, by luck came in,
She ſuck'd his Noſe, and lick'd him clean.
Laſt came the Lady *Hales* from Play,
Mov'd by inſtinct he cry'd, *Mamma*,
And poſted to the Queen away.

DIALOGUE.

M. WHY am I daily thus perplex'd?
Why beyond Womans patience vex'd?
Your Spurious Iſſue grow and thrive;
While mine are dead e're well alive.
If they ſurvive a nine days wonder,
Suſpicious Tongues aloud do thunder;
And ſtreight accuſe my Chaſtity,
For your damn'd Inſufficiency:
You meet my Love with no deſire,
My Altar damps your feeble fire:
Though I have infinite more Charms
Than all you e'er took to your Arms.
The Prieſt at th' Altar bows to me;
When I appear he bends the knee.
His Eyes are on my Beauties fixt,
His Pray'rs to Heav'n and Me are mixt;

Confu-

Confusedly he tells his Beads,
Is out both when he Prays and Reads.
I travell'd farther for your Love,
Than *Sheba*'s Queen, I'll fairly prove.
She from the South, 'tis said, did rome,
And I as far from *East* did come.
But here the diff'rence does arise,
Though equally we sought the Prize;
What that great Queen desir'd she gain'd,
But I soon found your Treasury drain'd,
Your Veins corrupted in your Youth,
'Tis sad Experience tells this Truth:
Though I had caution long before
Of that which I too late deplore.

J. Pray, Madam, let me silence break,
As I have you, now hear me speak.
These Stories sure must please you well,
You're apt so often them to tell.
But, if you'll smooth your brow a while,
And turn that Pout into a Smile,
I doubt not, but to make't appear,
That you the great'st Aggressor are.

I took you with an empty Purſe,
Which was to me no trivial Curſe.
No Dowry could your Parents give;
They'd but a Competence to live.
When you appear'd, your Charming Eyes
(As you relate) did me ſurprize
With Wonder, not with Admiration,
Aſtoniſhment, but no Temptation:
Nor did I ſee in all your frame,
Ought could create an amorous flame,
Or raiſe the leaſt Deſire in me,
Save only for Variety.
I paid ſuch Service as was due,
Worthy my ſelf, and worthy you:
Careſs'd you far above the rate
Both of your Birth, and your Eſtate.
When ſoon I found your haughty mind
Was unto Sov'raignty inclin'd;
And firſt you practis'd over me
The heavy Yoke of Tyranny,
While I your Property was made,
And you, not I, was ſtill obey'd:

Nor durſt I call my Soul my own,
You manag'd me as if I'd none.
I took ſuch meaſures as you gave,
All day your Fool, all night your Slave.

Nor was Ambition bounded here,
You ſtill reſolv'd your courſe to ſteer:
All that oppoſe you, you remove;
'Twas much you'd own the Powers above.
Now ſeveral Stratagems you try,
And I'm in all forc'd to comply:
To Mother Church you take Recourſe,
She tells you 'tmuſt be done by force;
And you, impatient of delay,
Contrive and execute the way.

When mounted to the place you ſought,
It no Contentment with it brought:
One Tree within your Proſpect ſtood
Faireſt and talleſt of the Wood:
Which to your Proſpect gave offence,
And it muſt be remov'd from thence.
In this you alſo are obey'd,
While all the Fault on me is laid.

Now

Now you was quiet for a while,
As flattering Weather seems to smile,
Till buzzing Beetles of the Night
Had found fresh matter for your spite,
And set to Work your busie Brain,
Which took Fire quickly from their Train.
Some Wise, some Valiant, you remove,
'Cause they your Maxims don't approve;
And in their stead such Creatures place
Which to th'Employments brings Disgrace:
While whatsoe'r you do I own,
And still the dirt on me is thrown.
Strait new Chimera's fill your Brain,
The humming Beetles buz again;
A Goal-Delivery now must be,
All tender Consciences set free;
Not out of Zeal, but pure Design
To make Dissenters with us joyn,
To pull down Test and Penal Laws,
The Bulwark of the Hereticks Cause.
The sly Dissenters laugh the while,
They see where lurks the Serpents guile;

And rather than with us comply,
Will on our Enemies rely.
The Chieftains of the Protestant Cause,
We did confine, though 'gainst the Laws:
But soon was glad to set 'em free,
Fearing the giddy Mobile.

Now all is turning upside down,
Loud Murmuring's in every Town;
We've Foes abroad, and Foes at home,
Armies and Fleets against us come:
The Protestants do laugh the while,
And the Dissenters sneer and smile;
But no assistance either sends;
They're neither Enemies nor Friends.

Now pray conclude what must be done,
Consult your Oracle of *ROME*,
For next fair Wind before they come.

THE

THE

States-Man's ALMANACK:

Being an Excellent New BALLAD, in which the Qualities of each Month are conſider'd; whereby it appears, that a *Parliament* cannot meet in any of the Old Months: With a Propoſal for mending the *Kalendar*, humbly offered to the Packers of the next *Parliament*.

To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

I.

THE Talk up and down,
In Country and Town,
Has been long of Parliaments Sitting:

But we'll make it clear,
Ne'r a Month in the Year,
Is proper for such a Meeting.

II.

The Judges declare it,
The Ministers swear it,
And the Town as a Tale receives it:
Let them say what they can,
There's never a Man,
Except God's Vicegerent, believes it.

III.

If the Criticks in spight,
Our Arguments slight,
And think 'em too light for the Master:
It has often been known,
That Men on a Throne,
Has Harrang'd the whole Realm with no better.

IV.

For in times of Old,
When Kings were less bold,
And made for their faults Excuses;
Such Topicks as these,
The Commons to please,
Did serve for most Excellent Uses.

V. Either

V.

Either *Chriſtmas* came on,
Or Harveſt begun,
And all muſt repair to their Station:
'Tas too Dry, or too Wet,
For the Houſes to Sit,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

VI.

Then, Sir, if you pleaſe,
With ſuch Reaſons as theſe,
Let's ſee how each Moon is appointed:
For tho it be ſtrange,
In all her Change,
She Favours not God's Anointed.

The *ALMANACK.*

January. I.

THE firſt is too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Since Southern Climates Improve it:
And therefore in Froſt,
'Tis Odds but it's loſt,
If they offer to remove it.

February. II.

The next do's betide,
(Tho then the King dy'd)
Ill luck, and they muſt not be tampring:
For had not Providence quick,
Cool'd his Head i'th' Nick,
'Fore God they were all a ſcampring.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Has an Omen with ſome;
But the ſleeping Wind then Rouzes,
And truſt not the crowd,
When Storms are ſo loud,
Leſt their Breath infect the Houſes.

April. IV.

In this by Miſhap,
Southask had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Maſter:
And therefore i'th' Spring,
He muſt Phyſick his Thing,
And venture no new Diſaſter.

May. V.

This Month is too good,
And too luſty his Blood,

To

To be for Buſineſs at leiſure,
With his Confeſſors leave,
Honeſt *Bridget* may give,
The Fumbler Royal his Pleaſure.

June. VI.

The Brains of the State,
Have been too hot of late,
They have manag'd all Buſineſs in rapture:
And to call us in *June*,
Is much to the ſame Tune,
Being mad to the end of the Chapter.

July. VII.

This Seaſon was made
For Camp and Parade,
Where with the Expence of his Treaſures;
Of much Sweat and Pains,
Diſcreetly he Trains,
Such Men, as will break all his Meaſures.

Auguſt. VIII.

This Month did advance
Our Projects in *France*,

As *Bartholomew* Remembers;
But alas they want force,
To take the same Course,
With our Heretical Members.

September. IX.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progress was set,
But they find it a scurvy Fashion;
To ride, and to ride,
To be snubb'd and deny'd,
By every good man in the Nation.

October. X.

Now Hunting comes in,
That License for Sin,
That do's with a Cloak befriend him,
For if the Queen knows,
What at *Graham*'s he do's,
His Divine Right can hardly defend him.

November. XI.

November might do,
For ought that we know:

But that the King promis'd by chance Sirs,
And his Word before,
Was pawn'd for much more,
Than e're 'twill be able to Anſwer.

December. XII.

The laſt of the year,
Reſemblance does bear,
To their hopes and fortune declining:
Ne'r hope for ſucceſs,
Day grows leſs and leſs,
And the Sun once ſo high has done ſhining.

EPILOGUE.

I.

You Gypſies of *Rome*,
That run up and down,
And with Miracles people Cozen:
By the help of ſome Saint,
Get the Month that you want,
And make Thirteen of the Dozen.

II.

You see the Old year,
Wont help ye, 'tis clear,
And therefore to save your Honour:
Get a new Sun and Moon,
And the Work is half done,
And Faith I think not sooner.

THE

THE ORANGE.

I.

GOOD people I pray,
Throw the Orange away,
'Tis a very ſowre Fruit, and was firſt brought in (play,
When good *Judith Wilk*,
In her Pocket brought Milk,
And with Cuſhings and Warming-pans labour'd to (bilk
This ſame Orange.

II.

When the Army retreats,
And the Parliament ſits,
To Vote our K— the true uſe of his Wits:
'Twill be a ſad means,
When all he obtains,
Is to have his Calves-head dreſs'd with other mens (Brains,
And an Orange.

III. The

III.

The sins of his Youth,
Made him think of one Truth,
When he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice at (the mouth,
That your fresh sort of Food,
Does his Carcass more good,
And the damn'd thing that Cur'd his putrify'd blood
Was an Orange.

IV.

This hopeful young Son,
Is surely his own,
Because from an O—— it cry'd to be gone;
But the Hereticks say,
He was got by *Da*———
For neither K— nor the Nuncio dare stay
Near an Orange.

V.

Since *Lewis* was Cut,
From his Breech to the Gut,
France fancies an Open-arse delicate Fruit;
We wiser than so,
Have two strings to our Bow,
For we've a good Q—— that's an Open-arse too,
And an Orange.

VI. Till

VI.

Till *Nanny* Writ much,
To the Rebels the D—
Her Mother, good Woman, ne're ow'd her a grutch,
And the Box of the Ear,
Made the matter appear,
That the only foul favour the Q— could not bear

Was an Orange.

VII.

An honest Old Peer,
That forsook God last year,
Pull'd off all his Plaisters, and Arm'd for the War;
But his Arms would not do,
And his Aches throbb'd too,
That he wish'd his own Pox and his M----s too

On an Orange.

VIII.

Old Tyburn must groan,
For *Jeffreys* is known
To have Perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son;
And *D----s* Cause
Will be try'd by Just Laws,
And *Herbert* must taste a most damnable Sauce,

With an Orange.

IX.

Lob, Pen, and a score
Of those Honest men more,
Will find this same Orange exceedingly sowre;
The Q----- to be seiz'd,
Will be very ill pleas'd,
And so will K---- Pippin, too dry to be squeez'd

By an Orange.

An

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. Dryden.

DRYDEN, thy Wit has catterwaul'd too long,
Now *Lero, Lero,* is the only Song.
What Singing, Dancing, Interludes of late,
Stuff, and set off our goodly Farce of State?
Not *Albevil* can turn a deep Intrigue,
Till first well warm'd with Bishop *Talgol's* Jigg.
W—m cannot sleep, or if a Nap he takes,
His Dream some Old *Tressilian* Ballad breaks.
But was e'er seen the like, in Prose or Metre,
To this mad Play, or work of Father *Petre*?
At Court no longer Punchionello takes,
Each Scene, Part, Cue, mishapen to the *Mac's*.

Such Plot, and the Catastrophe is such,
We must be either *Irish* all, or *Dutch*.
Our very Judges in *Westminster-Hall*,
Like their Old Roof, were *Irish* Timber all.
And (bless us!) *Irish* Wolves are brought to keep
The Nation, grown now all such silly Sheep;
Such errant Asses, errant Cattle made,
Or to be yok'd, or saddl'd, fleec'd, or flea'd.
O Martyrs Son! thy destiny is shown,
Such props are for a Scaffold, not a Throne:
So *Juno*, in her impotence of rage,
By Heaven deny'd, did Hell's black Powers engage;
Yet sped the Heroe: *Jove* and Fate were strong;
Religious care: He took his Gods along:
But hark, O hark, the *Belgick* Lion roars,
And shakes afar the *French* and *British* Shoars:
One Brandy drinks, one mad with Prophecies:
Lord! what they tell us of some Prince from *Frize*;
Arms, and the Man they sing, no *French* finess,
But hearty Blows, and *Brandenburg* Address.
Hence Vigour, and our Figure comes again,
We rise, and walk, all true erected men.

The

The force of thoſe *Circæan* Cups ſubdu'd,
And the wild Charms our new *Armida* brew'd,
The Witchcraft he (our true *Rinaldo*) broke,
And grubs the baſe pretenders to his ſtock.
But oh, what Spirit of Deceit afar,
Poſſeſs'd our Pulpits, and bewitch'd the Bar?
What Bane, what Miſchief on poor Mortals ſhed
By Vermin, from the L[illegible]s corruption bred?
Tho to their *Iriſh* Roof no Cobwebs cleave,
Below what ſtrife and endleſs toyls they weave:
Wanting brave Strength to ſtrangle men to death,
What Frauds they hide! What Venom underneath!
And when ſome ſhorter courſe to Murder's ſhown,
Cry, O that (luſcious) Point! they gain'd the Crown.
Sons of the Pulpit the ſame meaſures keep,
And of that ſame ſtumm'd Cup have drunk as deep.
Agog for ſome odd tranſubſtantiate thing,
Chimera reign, or Metaphyſick King,
Sublim'd to School Divinity extreams,
Their Brains would crow with Patriarchal Dreams;
So high from ſolid honeſt wiſdom blown,
They'd have ſome *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne.

Not Law-ordain'd, but by some God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but be Priest-anointed.
Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priestcraft-Prince,
Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Sense.

Now Bar and Pulpit to Dragoons a sport,
Their Cause is carried to the last Effort.
Princes in more compendious method teach,
Force is their way; let old Apostles Preach.
What's stablish'd Law, where standing Armies come;
Or who'll talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum?
When God would hear, where Giants did oppress,
The several Nations had their *Hercules*.
So were the Horns of grizly violence broke,
So people freed from triple *Geryon*'s yoke.
The various Snake in *Lerna*-Lough that bred,
That loll'd and hiss'd to death, at every head,
Nemæan Lion, *Erymanthian* Boar,
In Bogs that wallow, and on Hills that roar:
All by his Godlike Prowess done away,
Their lawless rule, and that Gigantick sway.

In vain whilst this high Virtue Nations sought,
The *Nassau* House were never yet without.

Nor is confin'd to *Provinces* their care,
Their generous *labour* neighboring *Kingdoms* ſhare.
Here the foul Herd flee from his lifted hand,
That long had made a *Stable* of the Land.
The Monſter of the Lough, new *Lerna*-Plague
(But ſcarce in head) the Bog-begotten *Teague*,
The ravenous kind, the Harpyes ſharp for prey,
With Birds obſcene, and uncouth to the day.
No Den, no Ditch, no rouſting for 'em more,
Now, now is come our *Hercules* aſhore.
Vile Fraud diſpell'd, and ſuperſtitious Miſts:
He from our *Temple* drives all Knaves and Prieſts.
Then warmer *W—op*, in due Scarlet ſhown,
To Coffee-*Dick* bequeaths his ruſty Gown.
Oh *Dryden*, if this *Hercules* were thine,
How wou'd his Club, and *Atlas*-ſhoulders ſhine:
How wou'dſt thou all our Maids of honour fright,
With naughty Tale, of *Fifty* in a Night?
Howe'er, no more let *Xavier* mar thy Pen,
No miracle to Forty thouſand men.
When Law, and bald Divinity begins,
Why then, the marvel that a Poet ſins?

A

SALE

Of old State Houſhold-Stuff.

To the Tune of, *Old* Simon *the King*.

I.

THE Government being reſolv'd
To new furniſh the Houſe of State,
Hath thought fitting to put off the old,
That was ruſty and worn out of date.
Then come all you State-Brokers away,
And take off our old faſhion'd trinkoms,
You for a ſmall matter may buy
What coſt the price of three Kingdoms.
Quoth J—my the Bigotted K—
Quoth J—my the Politick thing,
With a thred-bare Oath,
And a Catholick Troth,
That never was worth a farthing.

II. Here's

II.

Here's (what was to cleanſe Church and State)
The Beeſom of Reformation,
Brought in by *Henry* the Eighth,
And *Beſſes* grave Convocation.
Here are diverſe Conformity Acts,
The Penal Laws and all,
With a parcel of over-rul'd Statutes
Kick'd out of *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
Quoth J—my, &c.

III.

Come buy the old Tapiſtry Hangings,
Which hung in the Houſe of Lords,
That kept the *Spaniſh* Invaſion,
And Powder-plot, on Record.
A muſty old *Magna Charta*,
That wants new ſcowring and cleanſing,
Writ ſo long ſince, and ſo dark too,
That 'tis hard to pick out the meaning.
Quoth J— my, &c.

IV.

Here's a Pack of naſty Court Cards,
Much foul'd with over playing,
Condemn'd to the Fields of *Tom* T——d,
For they never were worth the buying.

A pitiful tatter'd *Scotch* League,
Swallow'd meerly to trepan men,
Took by the late King in Intrigue,
And afterwards burnt by the Hangman.
Quoth J— my, &c.

V.

Three Protestant Vizors much worn,
And in use since the days of Queen *Bess*,
Which now we have laid by with scorn,
Being resolv'd to appear with bare face.
Come buy a thing brought from *Breda*,
Call'd a Royal Declaration,
Which of late we have copied at large,
Having promis'd to keep up the fashion
Of Old Simon *the King*,
Quoth J— my, &c.

VI.

A parcel of *Congé d' esliers*,
By Heretick Bishops own'd,
The reward of the old Cavaliers,
For their Loyalty to the Crown.
Here's your Corporation Charters,
And University Regulations,

For

For all which as cheap you may barter,
As Cucumbers in the Vacation.
Quoth J——my, &c.

VII.

Here's a Crew of Exclusion Abhorrers,
And a litter of Loyal Addressors,
Who'd have run to the Devil for us,
When they bully'd for Popish Successors.
But now they are down in the mouth,
Their Damning and Healthing forsakes 'em,
If you think them not a penny-worth
For fetching, the Devil may take 'em.
Quoth J——my, &c.

VIII.

Here's a Tribe of mad Pulpiteers,
That still for Right Line were trimming,
We'll exchange 'em for Bandileers,
And leave them to *Urim* and *Thummim*.
Here's a Cart Load of Observators,
That were Writ in Defence of the Church,
By *Hodge* that Eternal Prater,
Whose Quill is now left in the lurch.
Quoth J——my, &c.

Will

Will you buy any Protestant Places,
In Army, or where you think best Sir?
Those that think to keep them are Asses,
When once we are rid of the Test Sir.
And thus I will end my Sale,
With a Bar to either House,
If we get but over it well,
For the rest I care not a Lowse.
Quoth J———my, &c.

THE

THE

DREAM.

WEary'd with Buſineſs, and with Cares oppreſt,
My faculties were Doz'd and fond of reſt,
An unuſual heavineſs did on me creep,
My Soul Indulg'd it: yet I could not ſleep.
Dreams ſhort and frightful vext me all the Night,
I found I was betray'd, and long'd for Light;
The firſt ſuch Wonders brought within my view,
And when I wak'd I almoſt thought 'em true.
Methought I ſaw great *Julius* ſadly lye
Bleeding from all his Wounds, and *Brutus* by
The ungrateful *Brutus* which he doted on,
With *Meager Caſſius* pleas'd with what he had done,
Crying, The World and *Brutus* are my own.
I nearer drew to view the Gaſtly Trunk,
But oh! the Scene was chang'd, *Cæſar* was ſunk,

'Twas

'Twas *Charles* the Second, which lay mangl'd there,
The Sacrificing-Tribe too did appear,
Brutus and *Cassius*, *T--k* and *Petre* were.
Charles Weeping, grasp'd his Brother by the hand,
I heard him sighing say, within my Land
A faithful Pious Mother thou wilt command,
Who in the utmost of Extremity,
When all but her and much Upbraided, I
Wou'd from the Crown have quite Excluded thee,
Preach'd up thy forfeit Title by our Laws,
And in thy Banishment maintain thy Cause,
Passive Obedience thee hast much in store,
But do not urge it to thy utmost Power:
James to preserve Her most devoutly Swore;
Charles dy'd, & *James* discharg'd his Oath next hour,
I saw the Priests flock in: the Bishops out,
Saw *Peters* cram the Wafers down his Throat,
Tho' Dead, it sav'd the Heretick no doubt.
I saw him poorly bury'd in the Night,
A wretched Train, and a more wretched Sight;
To me it seem'd a Funeral in Disguise,
For fear his Creditors shou'd his Body Seize.

I saw him shewn for two *pence* in a Cheſt,
Like *Monk*, Old *Harry*, *Mary*, and the reſt;
And if the Figure answer'd its intent,
In Ten years time 'twould buy a Monument.
My fancy brought me back again to Court,
Where only Fools Adviſe, and Knaves Reſort,
Our Kingdoms Curſe, and other Nations Sport:
I heard the *Jeſuits* in a grand Cabal,
Reſolve to Root out *Hereſie* or fall,
Each his particular Opinion gave,
They cry'd an opportunity we have
To Fetter her, who kept us long her Slave.
Immediately they pitch'd upon a Rule,
How to ſuppreſs it by a forward Fool,
A Bawling Blund'ring ſenſeleſs Tool;
Whoſe Mouthing at *White Chappel* firſt began,
Who regularly to his Greatneſs ran
Thro' all the vile degrees of Treachery,
And now Uſurps the Court of Equity:
He ſaid, If you wou'd bring the Clergy down,
Erect a Court-Commiſſion from the Crown,
And for Diſpencing Law let me alone,
They hugg'd their Bubble, and the deed was done.

Petre

Petre grew Fat, and with *Mandamus's*
Cancker'd the Worthy *Univerſities*,
The Seats of Learning Black-heads might command;
Yet the Kings Promiſe to the Church doth ſtand.
Next, *Liberty of Conſcience* was Ordain'd;
The Biſhops for Contempt were then Arraign'd;
The Nobles and the Commons Cloſetted,
The *Penal Laws* muſt be Aboliſhed:
If you refuſe, your Principles are baſe,
Diſloyal, and you loſe our Royal Grace,
And each that has Dependencies his place.
Rocheſter fell, the Loyal *Herbert* ſtarv'd,
Each that forſook his God, his Monarch ſerv'd:
Somerſet loſt his Troops, and *Shrowsbury*,
Oxford was ſtripp'd to *Scarſdal Lumbley*;
And many more too tedious to relate,
By whom in ſafety, *James*, thou now doſt ſit.
When thou perceiv'dſt no comfort from this Wild,
Thy Dame, immediately was quick with Child,
The Princeſs at the *Bath* when it was Born,
The Biſhops in the *Tower*, yet had he ſworn
The *Church of England* never ſhould be wrong'd,
Upon this News the Hot-brain'd Papiſts Throng'd;

I Wak'd, and as I on my Dream Reflected,
My reaſonable Notions thus projected:
O King, I cry'd, thy Meaſures run too faſt,
And thou wilt find the curſe of it at laſt;
Why doſt thou wrong thy Country, ſhame thy life,
To pleaſe falſe Prieſts, and an ungrateful Wife:
A Wife, whoſe Character has always been
A Fawning Dutcheſs, and a Sawcy Queen.
How canſt thou ſuffer *Petre*'s Inſolence,
Who only makes a harveſt of his Prince.
A Slave, to Rule Three Kingdoms, Govern thee,
Yet ne're was Maſter of a Family:
This Serpent envying thy Happineſs,
Has crept into thy *Eve*, whoſe willfulneſs;
Has certainly betray'd thy Paradiſe;
Diſcerning *Hallifax* thy fall foreſaw,
And early did his ſlighted Faith withdraw;
He needs no pardon for the advice he gave,
Which ſhews him honeſter than ſome that have.
Under the Roſe Men uſe their mind to tell,
But now *Myne-Heir* 'tis under the Broad Seal;
O *Naſſaw*, with thy promis'd Succours come,
And be to us like *Anthony* to *Rome*:

Thy

Thy Wife shall young *Octavia's* place supply;
And those that have betray'd our Country fly,
Unless the King to prove the Prince his own,
Shall to the Lyons-Den present his Son,
And if the Royal Brute do not destroy,
The Infant, by Christ 'tis his none Joy.

THE

THE

PARADOX

ON THE

Confinement of the LORDS.

LET Cynicks bark, and the ſtern Stagyrite
At *Epitures* Precepts vent his ſpite;
Let Church-men Preach their Thred-bare Paradox,
Paſſive Obedience to their bleeding Flocks.
Let Stoicks boaſt of a contented mind,
The unknown pleaſures of a Life confin'd;
That in Impriſonment the Soul is free,
Grant me (ye Gods) but Eaſe and Liberty.
That there is Pleaſure in a dirty Road,
A tir'd Horſe that ſinks beneath his Load,
No Money, and an old inveterate Pox;
This I'll believe without a Paradox.
But to affirm 'twas the Diſpencing Power,
That did Decree the Prelates to the Tower;

And ſuch Confinements for the Propagation
Of the true Doctrine of the Reformation.

That to remove the Candleſticks from ſight
Is to enlarge the Goſpel and the Light;
And the Seven Angels are in Tribulation,
To Guard the Church from Pagan Invocation.

To ſay this is the keeping of our Word,
The only way we have to be ſecur'd;
Supporting of the *Engliſh* Church and Cauſe,
In all its Priviledges, Rights and Laws.

Pardon my Faith, for ſooner I'll believe
The Subtile Serpent was deceiv'd by *Eve*;
Rome ſhall with Hereticks her promiſe keep,
And Ravenous Wolves Protect the ſtraggling Sheep.

That *P—is* ſhall be mild and moderate,
Not out of meer regard to his Eſtate;
And for a Hopeful Heir Invoke the Saints,
Out of his tender love to Proteſtants.

That Father *Petres* Counſel ſhall prevail,
To quit their guiltleſs Lordſhips without Bail;
And *Gilford* beg i'th' name of the Young Prince,
Diſpencing *James* may with their minds diſpence.

I will believe *D——ham* ſhall Bail His Grace,
And *C——ſter* ſhall with *Ch——ſter* change place;
And *H——ford* when made a Cardinal,
Shall Write a Learn'd Apology for all.

That for Old *Ely*, *Briſtol*, *Bath* and *Wells*,
The Jeſuits would pawn their Beads and Bells;
For *Lloyd* and *Peterborough* to be Bail,
Good *Rocheſter* would lye himſelf in Gaol.

That the Lord Chancellour ſhall quit the Purſe,
For their reſpective Fines to Reimburſe;
Or that the Judges ſhould not all Conſpire
To find them guilty of a Preminire.

That *Pemberton* ſhall at the Bench prevail,
And *Allibone* ſhall Plead to be their Bail;
Or *H——fax*, that lyes upon the Lurch;
Who left the Charter ſhall reſtore the Church.

That ſhe, who lately lookt into her Choice,
The Witty Author of the Brace of Mice,
Shall baffle the Old Panther in her Race,
And Crown her Husband with the Lawrels Bays.

All this I freely could believe and more,
But that the Lords are Bail'd out of the Tower,

Out of Respect to be sent back again,
For breach of Laws they sworn are to maintain.
That they have guilt of Disobedience,
In this you must excuse my Diffidence,
Who plac'd upon the Monarchs Head the Crown,
Props of the Church, and Pillars of the Throne.

THE

PROPHESIE.

WHen the K. leaves of *S--ly*, and holds to the (Queen,
And *B—wick* has fought as many Battles as he's (seen,
Then *Cl——ford* shall look like a Lass of fifteen,
And Popery out of this Nation shall run.

When *M--grave* shall leave off his Lust and his (Pride,
And *C---wall* his Pimp, which none but his breed,
Then *Mazarines* Letchery shall be deny'd.
And Popery, &c.

When *B——ly* the Cynick leaves being Satyrick,
And of his Wifes Vertue writes a large Panagerick,

Then

Then his Manners shall fight for his good Natures (Merit,
And Popery, &c.

When *R*—*laugh* gives up his 12 *s.* i'th' Pound,
And the Army does *B*—*waits* Generosity sound,
Then *D*--*ver* refusing of Bribes shall be found;
And Popery, &c.

When *G*----*phin* his Conscience shall fly in's face,
And rather than Vote 'gainst the Test leave's place,
And *S*—*land* likewise shall have no more Grace;
And Popery, &c.

When *C*— and *D*— for Religion dye Martyrs,
And *C*—— refuses to be Knight of the Garter,
Then the Country no longer shall the Dragoons (Quarter;
And Popery, &c.

When the K. from the Word he hath given does (swerve,
And the Judges the Oath they have taken observe,
Or for breaking have but what they deserve;
And Popery, &c.

When Archbishop of *York* we see Dr. *Ken*,
And *Compton* made Bishop of *London* agen,
And *Herbert* Rule, as before, on the Main;
And Popery, &c.

When *N*--*folk* grows Rich, and *P*—*is* grows poor,

When *N*—*port* is humble, and *S*—*cer* demure,
When the Town can love one, & the other endure;
And Popery, &c.

When *T*— —*l's* turn'd out, and an *Ormond* put in,
When the Groom of the Stool thinks declaring a Sin,
Then *Oxford* ſhall have his Regiment agen;
And Popery, &c.

When the P— of *Denmark* leaves *W*—direction,
And is ſuff'red to bring what ſhe breeds to per-
(fection,
And a Parliament's call'd by a legal Election;
And Popery, &c.

When *Feverſham's* Conduct a Souldier ſhall prove
(him,
And the Chancellour beggs that the King would
(remove him,
Oh, then we ſhall ſee how the People will love him;
And Popery, &c.

When *Petres* and *P*— Council ſhall fail,
And if what the Q. goes with ſhou'd prove a Fe-
(male,
Lord! How wou'd the Romiſh Religion prevail,
That out of this Nation it might not turn.

An

An Excellent New BALLAD, call'd, *The Prince of Darkneſs*; ſhewing how three Nations may be ſet on Fire by a *Warming-Pan.*

AS I went by St. *James*'s I heard a Bird ſing,
Of certain, the Q— has a Boy in the Spring
But one of the Chair-men did laugh and did ſay,
It was born over Night, and brought forth the next (day;
This Bantling was heard at St. *James*'s to ſquaul,
Which made the Q make ſo much haſte from *White-(Hall.*
Peace, Peace, little Maſter, and hold up thy head,
Here's Money bid for thee, the true Mother ſaid;
But no body knows from what Pariſh it came,
And that is the reaſon it has not a Name.
Good Catholicks all were afraid it was dying,
There was ſuch abundance of ſighing and crying;
Which is a good Token by which we may ſwear,
It is the Q—s own, and the Kingdoms right Heir.

Now if we ſhould happen to have a true Lad,
From the loins of ſo wholſom a Mother and Dad,
'Twere hard to determine which Blood were the (beſt,
That of *Southask*, or the Baſtard of *Eſt*;
But now we have cauſe for Thankſgiving indeed,
There was no other way for mending the Breed.

Over the Lord D---rs *Door.*

UNhappier Age who e're ſaw,
When Truth doth go for Treaſon;
Every Blockhead's Will for Law,
And Coxcombs Senſe for Reaſon.
Religion's made a Bawd of State,
To ſerve the Pimps and Panders,
Our Liberty a Priſon Gate,
And *Iriſhmen* Commanders.
O Wretched is our Fate!
What Dangers do we run,
We muſt be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Juſt, undone.

'Tis

'Tis thus our Sov'raign keeps his Word,
And makes the Nation Great;
To *Iriſhmen* he truſts the Sword,
To *Jeſuits* the State.

Over the Lord S.---rys *Door.*

IF *Cecil* the Wiſe,
From his Grave ſhould ariſe,
And look the fat Beaſt in the Face.
He'd take him from Maſs,
And turn him to Graſs,
And ſwear he was none of his Race.

To the Speaking-Head.

I'M come my future Fate to ſeek,
Speak then, Cœleſtial Block-head ſpeak.

Anſwer.

Had'ſt thou not conſulted with the Witch at (*Rome*,
Thou need'ſt not thus, like *Saul*, to *Endor* come
To ſeek out (Brother Solid-head) thy Doom
The Hearts of all thy Friends are loſt and gone;

Gazing

Gazing they stand, & grieving round thy Throne,
And scarce believe thou art the Martyrs Son.

Those, whom thou favourest, merit not thy Grace,
They, to their Interest, Sacrifice thy Peace,
And will in Sorrow make thee end thy days.

Tempt not thy Fate too far, do not rely
On force or fraud; Why should'd thou Monarch, (why,
Live unbelov'd, and unlamented dye?

The Ghost.

A Papist dy'd, as 'twas *Jehovah*'s Will,
And his poor Soul went trudging down to (Hell
Where, when he did arrive, just at the Entry,
He found a Mastive Devil standing Centry,
With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot,
A Musqueteer with a great Cloven Foot:
And who goes there? I, a poor Papist Ghost,
That's come to dwell upon the *Stygian* Coast.
Stay where you are, and do not press so hard,
For I must call the Captain of the Guard;

He

He gave me Orders to let none come in,
But only such as should have leave from him.
The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth,
A Devil, of Integrity and Worth;
Who all in Noblest Scarlet being dress'd,
With a most delicate fine Embroider'd Vest,
He asks the Ghost, with a great Voice, as loud
As mighty Thunder, breaking from a Cloud,
What was the bus'ness? Sir, I am come to dwell
If you will please to give me leave, in Hell.
Damn you, you whorson Dog, said he to him,
I love my Master, and you shan't come in;
For if above you eat your God, I fear,
Should you come in, you'd eat the Devil here.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, *and a Blunt* Whiggish Clown.

UNgrateful Wretch! Can'st thou pretend a Cause,
To fear the loss of Liberty and Laws?
Has not the King been at a vast Expence,
To raise the Gallant Troops in thy Defence?

Did

Did he not promise in a Proclamation,
To rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown. But has he not already damn'd the Test?
And sure that Princes Word is but a jest,
Who Rules an Army, and Obeys a Priest:
Nor can his Solemn Oath make us much safer;
His Sword is Steel, his God is but a Wafer.

A New SONG of the Misfortunes of an Old Whore and her Brats.

I.

THO' the Old Hag of *Rome*,
Has bewitch'd us all Dumb,
She can Tongue-tye our Muses no longer;
We now spue out her Charms,
And sing the brave Arms
Of Great *Orange* and *Scomberg*, ding-dong Sir.

II. If

II.

If we open'd our Lips,
Wooden Peep-holes and Whips
Was of late the mild Pennance enjoyn'd us;
Now Truth's no more Treason,
We esteem it a season
To be merry, and so you shall find us.

III.

Life-and-Fortune Addresses,
Shall not wear out our Presses,
To flatter and sooth a *Just Nero*;
But loud Declarations,
To secure the three Nations
From the *French*, and from *Lilli-burlero*.

IV.

See how each Popish Gull,
Does look silly and dull,
O hone! *O hone!* all are Lamenting,
They've no Catholick Banter,
No wise *Hind* and *Panther*,
Nor any thing else worth the Printing.

V.

While we Hereticks do write,
Ay, and Print too in spite

Of

Of the Devil, to revenge our late wrongs Sir;
And the Hawkers hoarſe Lungs,
With our Lampoons and Songs,
Make the Streets eccho all the day long Sir.

VI.

Now brave *Orange* advances,
What the fam'd League with *France* is,
We ſhall know to poor Catholicks ſorrow,
Stricken with Pannick Fears,
How the Whelps hang their Ears,
Pack up Relicks, and bid us good Morrow!

VII.

Father *Petre*, and others
Of his Politick Brothers,
(Who one would think ſhould have diſdain'd it)
Are on fire to be gone,
Tho they might every one,
If they'd ſtay here a little, be Sainted.

VIII.

Juſt like old Rats and Mice,
Theſe bold Vermine are Wiſe,
When they find a Houſe ready to tumble,
Away ſtrait they advance,
Bound for *Flanders* or *France*,
Adieu, Votre Serviteur humble.

IX. But

IX.

But pray what ſhall become,
O'th' young Kitlings of *Rome*,
I mean thoſe the Old Whore has Converted;
When they're grip'd by the Claws,
Of reviv'd Penal Laws,
And by all Ghoſtly Fathers deſerted.

X.

'Tis hard to leave the poor Elves,
Thus to ſhift for themſelves,
For unleſs you'd confirm'd the Babes better-a,
With your Cowardiſe tainted,
They'll e'ne grudge to be Sainted
With St. *Coleman*, St. *Whitebread*, &c.

XI.

So when Witches are taken
For enchanting Folks Bacon,
Cows, Horſes, or any ſuch thing Sir;
And the Hang-man once takes 'em,
Their Imps all forſake them,
And bequeath 'em to a tight Hempen-ſtring Sir.

XII.

Our great States-men and Judges,
The Jeſuits true Drudges,

To

To advance the Plots of Holy Church Sir;
Do make wretched Grimaces,
Losing Pensions and Places,
To a Parliament left in the lurch Sir.

XIII.

And the young Welshman's Sire,
Stuck like *Dun* in the Mire,
With revengeful Despair looks around him;
And then Curses the Crowd,
That with Suffrages loud,
Shouted (*Vive le Roy*) when they Crown'd him.

XIV.

He thinks 'tis an hard Fate,
Now to Capitulate,
And revoke his Indulg'd Dispensations;
To his Sons Terms to buckle,
To a Parliament truckle,
And Eat up his kind Declarations.

XV.

'Tis hard that dull Hereticks,
Still Suspicious of Tricks,
Can't believe the young Bantling's his Son Sir:
As if Priests cou'd n't Create,
At least Transubstantiate
Him a Boy, for an Heir to his Crown Sir.

XVI. Nay

XVI.

Nay renown'd Lords and Ladies,
A long Bead-row have made us,
With the Midwife and Learned Phyſicians;
Cannot all this convince,
That it is a *Welch* Prince,
Though we publiſh the plain Depoſitions?

XVII.

Well it ſeems (to be ſhort)
There's no Remedy for't,
Both his Gods and his Friends are retiring;
And his Army falls off,
While his Enemies ſcoff,
To ſee the Prince curb his aſpiring.

XVIII.

Have we not a Wiſe King,
To reſolve he would bring
All to *Rome*'s Lure, or elſe Sacrifice Sir;
Three Kingdoms to his Spleen,
And to th' Will of his Queen?
Did the World ever hear of a Wiſer?

XIX.

Without one ſturdy fight,
He's obliged to alight

From the Throne, which he envy'd his Brother,
And may like a poor Bigot,
Go embarque in a Frigat,
To see if he can find such another.

XX.

Since these *Switzers* and *Dutchmen*,
Come to stand by our Church-men,
With hard grim Fellows from *Fin-land*,
The Old Politick Whore,
Now must never hope more,
To sit brooding o're Plots here against *England*.

XXI.

Is't not Reason and Sense,
If a King will Dispense
With our Statutes, and with his own Word Sir,
To Decide the Just Cause
Of Religion and Laws,
With a Swinging Great *Protestant Sword* Sir?

XXII.

The *French* Tyrant dissembles,
And huffs, though he trembles,
We shall Visit that Son of a Whore Sir;

If

If the Weather hold fair,
We'd fain take a *Tour* there,
As our Fathers did in Days of Yore Sir.

XXIII.

While the *Germans* before,
Pay him off his old ſcore,
For the Miſchief they've felt and do fear Sir,
With Pipe, Sword and Piſtol,
We ſhall Probe his old Fiſtule,
And charge the Dog home in the rear Sir.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Couragio.*

I.

COme, come, great *Orange*, come away,
On thy *Auguſt* Voyagio,
The Church and State admit no ſtay,
And Proteſtants wou'd once more ſay
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

II.

Stand *Eaſt*, dear Wind, till they arrive,
On their deſign'd Voyagio,
And let each Noble Soul alive
Cry loud, *Qu'il Prince d' Aurange vive!*
Couragio, &c.

III.

Look sharp, and see the Glorious Fleet,
Appear in their Voyagio!
With loud Huzza's we will them greet,
And with both Arms and Armies meet;
Couragio, &c.

IV.

Then, welcome to our *English* shore,
And now I will engage—o,
We'll thump the Babylonish Whore,
And kick her Trump'ries out of Door;
Couragio, &c.

V.

Poor *B—k!* how will thy *Dear Joys*,
Oppose this brave Voyagio?
Thy tallest Sparks will be meer Toys,
To *Brandenburgh* and *Swedish* Boys;
Couragio, &c.

VI.

D—n sputters now like mad,
Against this great Voyagio;
Old *C—n* too in Sable's clad,
And *F——m* looks wondrous sad:
Couragio, &c.

VII. But

VIII.

But *Solmes* has took a Glorious Cause,
In this Warlike Voyagio,
To guard us from their ravenous Paws,
And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

VIII.

Nassaw will ridicule the Fop,
By this *Belgic* Voyagio,
And make their gawdy Feathers drop;
Their Slaughter's but a Harvest Crop:
Couragio, &c.

IX.

Stirum, advance the *Buda* Blades,
Thou'st brought in this Voyagio;
And, since thy Lawrel never fades,
Send our Foes to the *Stygian* Shades;
Couragio, &c.

X.

Scombergh thunders Heroe-like,
In this Stormy Voyagio;
His very Name does Horrour strike,
And will slay more than Gun or Pike;
Couragio, &c.

XI.

Thus they the Victory will gain,
After their brave Voyagio;
And all our Liberties maintain,
And settle Church and State again.
Couragio, &c.

XII.

Then't will be Just, and no Extream,
To see by this Voyagio,
That *Wem* shou'd have th' Effect of's Dream,
For Driving headlong with the Stream.
Couragio, &c.

XIII.

The Judges too, that Traitors be,
Must truss by this Voyagio,
'Twill be a Noble Sight to see,
Dispencing Scarlet on a Tree!
Couragio, &c.

XIV.

The Monks away full swift will hye,
On their dismal Voyagio;
Ten Pounds a Post-Horse then they cry,
And all away to *Calis* fly;
Couragio, &c.

XV. *Sum*

XV.

S——d has Shot the Pit,
And is on his Voyagio;
D'ada must no more hatching sit,
And *Petre* too the Board must quit:
Couragio, &c.

XVI.

Old *A——l* does hang his Ears,
Because of this Voyagio;
And Miser *P——s* flews in Tears;
B——fis roars, and damns, and swears:
Couragio, &c.

XVII.

When all is done, we then shall hope
To see, by this Voyagio,
No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
Except it be to have a Rope;
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

A New SONG of an ORANGE.

To that Excellent Old Tune *of a Pudding.*

GOOD People come buy,
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Seaſon, tho' Winter is nigh,
'Twill do you all good,
And ſweeten your Blood,
I'm ſure it will pleaſe you when once underſtood
'Tis an Orange.

Its Cordial Juice,
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every mans uſe;
Tho' ſome it quite chills,
And with fear almoſt kills,
Yet certain each honeſt Man benefit feels
by an Orange.

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A Jolly good Health to paſs pleaſantly round;

But

But yet I'll proteſt,
Without any Jeſt,
No flavour is better than that of the taſt
Of an Orange.

Perhaps you may think,
At *White-H*—— they ſtink,
Becauſe that our Neighbours come over the Sea,
Yet ſure 'tis preſum'd,
That they may be perfum'd,
By the ſcent of a Clove, when once it is ſtuck
In an Orange.

If they'd cure the ails
Of the Pr— of *Wa*——
When the Milk of *Milch Tyler* does not well agree,
Tho he's ſubject to caſt,
They may better the taſt,
Yet let 'em take heed leſt it Curdle at laſt
With an Orange.

Old Stories rehearſe,
In Proſe and in Verſe,
How a *Welſh Child* was found by *loving of Cheeſe*,
So this will be known,
If it be the Q—s own,
For the taſt it utterly then will diſown
Of an Orange.

Tho'

Tho' the Mobile bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Justice and Laws;
Yet in very good sooth,
I'll tell you the truth,
There nothing is better to stop a mans mouth
Than an Orange.

We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himself and his Bearns for an Apple was sold;
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And his Juggling *Eve* may chance lose her own
For an Orange.

A *New* SONG *on the Calling of a Free* *Parliament*, January 15*th*, 1688.

I.

A Parliament, with one consent
Is all the cry oth' Nation,
Which now may be, since Popery
Is growing out of fashion;

The

The *Belgick* Troops approach to Town,
The Oranges come Powring,
And all the Lords agree as one
To send the Papists scowring.

II.

The Holy Man shall lead the Van,
Our Father and Confessor;
In Robes of red the Jesuit's fled,
Who was the chief Transgressor.
In this disguise he thought to escape,
And hop'd to save his Bacon,
But *Herbert* he has laid a Trap,
The Rat may be Retaken.

III.

The Nuncio too, the day may rue
That he came o're the Ocean,
I'th' *English* Court, to keep's Resort,
And teach his blind Devotion:
The Prelates, *Ellis*, *Smith*, and *Hall*,
Have sold their Coach and Horses,
And will no longer in *White-Hall*
Foment their Learn'd Discourses.

IV.

The Groom o'th' Stool, that play'd the Fool,
Full ſorely will repent it,
And *S——land*, did barefoot ſtand
For Pennance, ſhall lament it.
M—ford and the *Scotch* are fled,
Whom hopes of Intereſt tempted;
Thoſe Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be Exempted.

V.

But *S—bury*, what cauſe had he
To fear his Highneſs Landing,
Who by his A—s and Legs might paſs
For one of underſtanding.
To take up Arms at ſuch a time,
Againſt the Rules were gave him;
His Head muſt anſwer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not ſave him.

VI.

The Fryers and Monks with all their Punks,
Are now upon the Scamper,
T——l Swears, and Rants and Tears,
And *Teague* does make a clamper.

The

The Foreign Prieſts that Poſted o're,
Into the *Engliſh* Nation,
Do now repent that on that Shore
They laid their weak Foundation.

VII.

'Twoud be a ſight 'twou'd move delight,
In each obdurate Varlet,
To ſee the Graves that made us Slaves,
Hang in Diſpencing Scarlet.
And every Popiſh Counſellour,
That for the ſame Cauſe Pleaded,
Shall all turn off at the ſame ſcore,
Be Hang'd or elſe Beheaded.

THE

STATE-HOLDER:

OR, THE

PRINCE's ALMANACK,

Calculated for the Meridian of London, *and Calling of a* Proteſtant Parliament; *being a Counterpart to the* State's-Man's Almanack. [vide p. 21.

PROLOGUE.

I.

THE Talk about went,
That a Free Parliament,
Should never more Sit in this Nation:

But

But I'll make it clear,
There's no Month in the year,
But is proper on this occasion.

II.

Tho' some did deceive us,
You may now believe us,
Since the Royal Assent made his *Exit*:
Say what e're you can,
There's never a man,
Excepting Lord *Wem* that suspects it.

III.

If the Graves of the Laws,
Our Topicks oppose,
We'll prove 'tis the Sense of the Nation;
The readiest way,
To make the Slaves pay,
For their Nibbling with Dispensation.

IV.

In times on Record,
When Kings kept their Word,
And people were in their Senses:
So poor an Excuse,
Was such an Abuse,
No Monarch e're made such Pretences.

V. The

V.

The King is withdrawn,
The *Prince* come to Town,
The timely Redeemer o'th' Nation:
The Lords are all Set,
And the old Members met,
Then hey! for a Convocation.

VI.

For, tho' to our loss,
Things ever went cross,
Whilst *Petre* was chief Director:
There is not a Sun,
Or a Change in the Moon,
But favours our Great *Protector*.

The Almanack.

January. I.

THO the First be too cold,
For Popery to hold,
Yet fear not a Dissolution:
For tho it be Frost,
And the Jesuits crost,
It agrees with a *Dutch* Constitution.

Febru-

February. II.

Though next came a thing,
Brought Popery in,
With all the fine Relicks and Crosses:
Tho then the King dy'd,
We have One on our side,
This Month, will repair all our Losses.

March. III.

The Month of Old *Rome*,
Will bring 'em all home,
The Authors of all our Evil;
This Month the Wind blows,
And the Breath of the House
Will send 'em all going to the Devil.

April. IV.

In this the Old Whore
Of *Babel* came o're,
Which was a sore Clap to the Nation;
And therefore i'th' Spring,
We must manage the thing,
To make a full Reformation.

May. V.

The Prince is too good,
And too near to the Blood,
To allow to the Houſe any leiſure;
The Lords and High Powers,
Muſt gather new Flowers,
To ſtock the Exhauſted Treaſure.

June. VI.

This Month brought in Griſt,
To the Hot-headed Prieſt,
Who over-rul'd the Ruler,
And therefore the Houſe,
By way of a Doze,
Muſt Sit to prepare 'em a Cooler.

July. VII.

This month of late made,
For Camp and Parade,
In which were exhauſted our Treaſures,
Will better be ſpent
By a Wiſe Parliament,
Enacting and making new Meaſures.

February. II.

Though next came a thing,
Brought Popery in,
With all the fine Relicks and Crosses:
Tho then the King dy'd,
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This Month, will repair all our Losses.

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This month of late made,
For Camp and Parade,
In which were exhauſted our Treaſures,
Will better be ſpent
By a Wiſe Parliament,
Enacting and making new Meaſures.

August. VIII.
This finished a League,
With Monsieur and Teague,
For a total Extirpation
Of the Hereticks Cause;
And therefore the House
Must sit to Establish the Nation.

September. IX.
The Colleges fool'd,
This month over-rul'd,
And therefore each Protestant Member,
Must sit and Debate,
Of matters of State,
To set all things right in *September.*

October. X.
This Season was spent,
By *Burton* and *Brent*,
To manage each Corporation;
And therefore 'tis fit,
The Houses should sit,
To Vote it a Combination.

November. XI.
Above all the rest,
Will be in request,

The

The Auspicious Month of *November*;
When *Orange* our Cause,
Restored with the Laws,
Recorded by every Member.

December. XII.

Tho this be the last,
And all danger past,
Yet are we resolv'd every Member,
Both Common and Peer,
To Sit all the Year,
From *January to December.*

EPILOGUE.

I.

YOU Gypsies of *Rome*,
That hence are withdrawn,
In the Name of the State, we beseech you,
To the dozen before,
Find out a Month more,
And we'll fit out that month to oblige you.

II.

You see ne're a close
Does favour your Cause,
Since *England*'s so well protected:
When there's no more Moon,
You may Sit on this Throne;
For sooner you cannot expect it.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lilli-burlero.*

I.

OUR History reckons some Kings of great fame
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub,
But none before this who deserved the Name
Of *Jemmy Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub;*
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

II.

He pick'd up a parcel of Fools and Knaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And made them all Judges to make us all Slaves,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

Then

III.

Then for the Church he solemnly swore,
Ninny Mack, &c.
He took as much care as his Brother before,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IV.

To *D—m* the dapper, and *C——r* the tall;
Ninny Mack, &c.
He added *Tom W——son* and *Timothy H—ll*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

V.

Yet for all this the Heretick Clowns,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Have set out a Fleet to ride in the *Downs*,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VI.

And General *Schomberg* fierce as a Bear,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is coming a Board, let him come if he dare,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VII.

For now our brave K. has fitted his Arms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
And all our *Dear Joys* are Landing in Swarms,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

VIII.

What though the *Dutch* are so Impudent grown,
Ninny Mack, &c.
To swear the K—s Son is none of his own,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

IX. What

IX.

What need they make such a deal ado,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Is not our K. a Ch——g too,
Ninny Mack, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, &c.

X.

As long as he bought him with his *French* Pence,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub,
For matter of getting the Pope will Dispence,
Ninny Mack Nero, Jemmy Transub,
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.
Nero, Nero, Nero, Nero, Ninny Mack Nero, &c.

THE

SECOND PART

OF

Lill---li burlero Bullen a-la.

I.

BY Creist my dear *Morish* vat makes de sho' shad
Lill— li burlero bullen a-la.
The Herritticks Jear us and mauke me Mad,
Lill——li burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la.

II.

Pox take me dear *Tague* but I am in a rage,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Poo' what Impidence is in dish Age?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

III.

Vat if *Dush* shou'd come as dey hope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,

To

To up hang us for all de Dispence of de Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

IV.

Dey shay dat *T——l's* a Friend to de Mash,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
For which he's a Traitor, a Pimp, and an Ass,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

V.

Ara' Plague tauke me now I make a Swar,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
I'd to Shent *Tyburn* will mauke a great Prayer,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

VI.

O' I will pray to Shaint *Patricks* Frock,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Or to *Loretto's* Sacred Smock;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

VII. Now

THE

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OF

Lill----li burlero Bullen a-la.

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BY Creist my dear *Morish* vat makes de sho'shad
Lill— li burlero bullen a-la.
The Herritticks Jear us and mauke me Mad,
Lill——li burlero bullen a-la,
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Lero, lero, lero, lero, lilli burlero bullen a-la.

II.

Pox take me dear *Tague* but I am in a rage,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
Poo' what Impidence is in dish Age?
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Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

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Vat if *Dush* shou'd come as dey hope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,

To

To up hang us for all de Dispence of de Pope,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

IV.

Dey shay dat *T*—*l*'s a Friend to de Mash,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
For which he's a Traitor, a Pimp, and an Ass,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

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Lero, Lero, &c.
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Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
Or to *Loretto*'s Sacred Smock;
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, Lero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

VII. Now

VII.

Now a Pox tauke me, what dost dow tink,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la,
De *Englisb* Confusion to Popery drink.
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

VIII.

And by my Shoul de Mash House pull down,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la,
While dey were Swearing de Mayor of de Town,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IX.

O' Fait and be, I'll mauke de Decree,
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
And Swar by de Chancellor's modesty;
Lill---li burlero bullen a-la.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

IX.

Dat I no longer in *Engliſh* will ſtay,
Lill---li burlero bullen a-ala.
For be goad dey will hang us out of de way.
Lero, lero, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Lulla by Baby.*

IN *Rome* there is a moſt fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Becauſe the Birth of the Babe's come out;
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.
The Jeſuits ſwear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutſplutter-anails;
Sing lulla, &c.
The Popiſh Crew did all proteſt,
That twenty great men would ſwear at leaſt,
They ſee his *Welſh* Highneſs creep out of his Neſt;
Sing lulla, &c.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he swore:
Sing lulla, &c.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wise,
Stood peeping between Her Majesties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glass for to save his Eyes:
Sing lulla, &c.

Both were so well satisfy'd, (cry'd;
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his Side:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it 'tis out of Spight;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some Priest, they say, crept nigh her Honour,
And sprinkled some good Holy Water upon her:
Which made her conceive of what has undone her.
Sing lulla, &c.

The Papiſts thought themſelves greatly bleſt,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Teſt;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Prieſt:
Sing lulla, &c.
The Prieſts in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that ſtay here will be ſure of a Rope:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The

The Chancellour turn'd Tarpaulin.

TO be a Pris'ner, hated, loath'd, and scorn'd,
With unlamented Plagues, thy fall un-(mourn'd,
Under approaching Torments keeneſt Dread,
And 'midſt a ſhouting Crowd unpitied led,
To meet a ſhameful Death, would ſeem t'atone
All horrid Villanies except thy own:
But they ſo numerous, great and loud appear,
They dull Repentance, as they heighten fear.
Curs'd by your King, your Country, and it ſeems
You're Curs'd too by your own Prophetick Dreams:
Curs'd in your Novice Years and Indigence,
When Railing was your Law and Eloquence.
And Curs'd e're ſince for Fraud and Bribery,
Lying, Partiality, and Perjury.
Curs'd by all People proſp'rous and forlorn,
And will be Curs'd by Thouſands yet unborn.
Curs'd by the Juſt and Virtuous, and what's worſe,
You have your Fathers and your Childrens Curſe.

Legions

Legions of Ghosts you've murder'd will appear,
And whisper, on the Gallows, in your Ear;
Your byas'd Judgment's giv'n against the Good,
That you might reek in Money and in Blood.
The Tyrant, when *Perillus* brought his Bull,
Made the Inventor prove the first sad Howl.
Your Whipping so (tho late) should well be try'd
(Which you found out) upon your bleeding Hide.
And thus Condemn'd, you'll be rewarded well
With Pill'ry, Carts-Tail, Gibbets, Flames and Hell.
And with your Quarters hurl'd into your Grave,
Let this be wrote, *I was both Fool and Knave,*
To Law and Drink a Scandal and a Slave.

FINIS.